

THE BOOK AGENT.



E was a tall, thin, elderly man, with deeply-sunken eyes and a care-worn expression of countenance. He was in the habit of visiting my office in quiescence, and I always gave him something; for I felt instinctively that he was a worthy object, and that the small portion of my great wealth which I bestowed upon him would not be squandered in riotous living.

I was sure that his life-history would be an interesting and absorbing tale, but I refrained, from motives of delicacy, from questioning him, until one day last week, when he entered the office with a face elongated to such an unusual extent, that I could not help remarking that he had evidently seen much trouble. He smiled sadly and replied:

"Right you are, gentle sir. Wouldst bear my story?"

"I would."

He sank into a chair, helped himself to a cigar, and began:

"If you have tears prepare to shed them now. I am a Hungerford. You have heard of the Hungerfords of Hungerford?"

"Never."

He seemed hurt, and I was sorry I had not lied and said I had always worshipped the very name of Hungerford. He sighed deeply and resumed his narrative.

"Anyhow, I am one of them. Many, many years ago, when my father was a lad of ten, a book-agent visited my grandfather, and by means of his hellish acts—if you will permit the somewhat forcible expression—induced him to subscribe for a 'History of the World from the Earliest Times down to the Present Day.' This work was published in parts, and my grandfather thought it would be a big thing to have. Alas! it proved such, indeed. For the remainder of his life he took the parts and paid for them as they came. On his death-bed he said to my father:

"William, the fortune I leave you is not as large as it would have been had I not sunk so much money in that History. Still I believe the work to be a valuable one and, as it is nearing completion, do not neglect to secure all the numbers. Do not fail to take every part, and to pay promptly for it. I have given my word a Hungerford's word—and the honor of our family is involved."

"With these words, he breathed his last. My father did not forget his parent's dying injunction. The numbers came thick and fast, and he was sometimes at his wife's end to raise the money to pay for them; for his modest fortune was soon swallowed by the insatiable agent. He began life handicapped by the History, and he was never able to get a good financial footing. At last he gave up the struggle and died.

"I should like to have seen the last number of the work," he said to me. "I was then but of twenty, but that pleasure is reserved for you. Robert Have courage, and the end will come some time!"

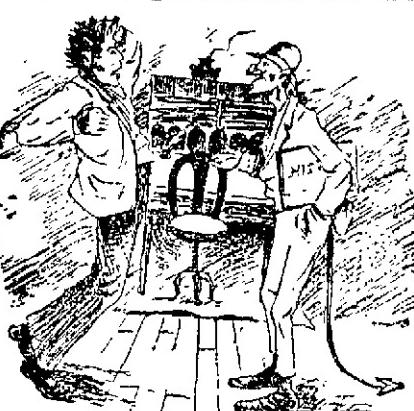
"Well, I have courage, sir. For a time I got along pretty well, but since I married it has been uphill work. I was never able to save anything from the salary I received when I had a position as book-keeper, because the book agent (a grandson of the man who introduced the work to my grandfather's attention) always claimed any little surplus money that I happened to have on hand. At last I lost my place, and since then I have been forced to support myself by begging. I continued to take the History because I saw that it was nearing completion, and as my grandfather had said on his death-bed the honor of the Hungerfords was at stake. A few days ago the agent brought me a number which, as I tremblingly turned over its leaves, I saw contained accounts of the unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue and of Henry Ward Beecher's return from Europe.

"Why," I cried, excitedly, "surely the History must be nearly finished."

"It is," said the agent, "the number you hold in your hand is the last."

"Thank heaven!" I exclaimed devoutly. "A new life begins for me from this hour."

"I paid the agent and bade him adieu.



"Not so fast, my dear sir," he said, with a sarcastic smile. "We will now talk about bindings for the great work; and he produced from his pocket a paper yellowed by time, and nourished it in my face. It was an agreement, signed by my grandfather, to have the History bound in full Turkey morocco at ten dollars a volume."

"I swooned on the spot. When I recovered consciousness the agent had gone, taking with him numbers enough of the work to make one volume. He will deliver the book to-day and I have got to pay him the ten dollars. And, as the History will make an incalculable number of volumes, I cannot hope to be released except by death."

The old man then shook hands with me and departed, leaving me to ponder upon the lesson taught by his sad story.—*Tid-Bits*

Advice to base ballists—never play fast and lose.

SISTER DORA.

A Sweet-Faced Woman Whose Name is Revered in England.

Catholics have their saints, proclaimed by the voice of the church and canonized by councils and popes. Sister Dora, by the voice of the sick, the afflicted, children she taught, is praised and remembered as saints would wish to be. Yet hers, if one analyses her nature, as it is presented to us in the pages of her biography, or by the words of those who knew her in life, was not the saint-like spirit as we understand it. She was not mild, serene, ecstatic; she was ardent, determined, full of fire and activity, easily moved to exquisite tenderness, yet somewhere in the depths of her nature dwelt a strange solitariness. One who remembers her as a girl, when she was still a member of the large family circle of the Pattison household, remembers how this slip of a maiden in her teens impressed her by the distinctness of her personality amid her surroundings. By the strength of her will, the clearness and persistency of her purpose, the equilibrium of her temper, the vivacity of her disposition, she already radiated an influence around her. Nothing can be more pathetic than the touch of spiritual loneliness dwelling at the inner core of her heart of one whose life was a course of such heroic fortitude and miraculous devotion. It would seem as if by the very strength of her nature Sister Dora had realized that we are as much alone in life as we are in death. She was truly religious, although hers was not the spirit that could possess or be swallowed up in the beatitude of the mystic. She reached her faith through doubt, but, having reached it, it was by an intimate and personal communion with the source of all nobility in life and illumination of vision that she was upheld. Still, those who knew her, especially the friend who knew her best, and who has given the world the record of her life, have given us glimpses of a certain forlornness of soul that would occasionally gain upon her.



The outline of Sister Dora's life is familiar to us all; her high spirited hood; the trace in it just indicated of an attachment; her eager longing to be come a nurse, and to follow Florence Nightingale to the Crimea; the opposition this desire met with from her father; her leaving home at the age of 29 to become village school mistress at Little Woodstone, near Bletchley, where she lived in a small cottage for three years without a servant, and where the devotion of Miss Dorothy to the children is still remembered and spoken of. In 1861 she joined the sisterhood at Coalham, and in the following year she was sent to Walsall, to help in the nursing of a cottage hospital. It was in this country of black smoke and roaring furnaces that she was henceforth to abide. Life to her seemed an insupportable experience, except when endured in the Christ-like spirit that treats it as dross to be trodden under foot for the fulfillment of some worthy object, now became full of interest and purpose to her. Attacked by small pox at the very outset of her career at Walsall, persecuted on her recovery by the people she had come to bless, she continued indefatigable in her visits to courts and alleys, performing miracles of devotion to the sick and to those dying from the small pox that raged in the town in 1868; she won first the respect, then the admiration, finally the love of the people, who now claim her as "Our Sister Dora," and who have erected a statue to her memory, the first erected to a woman not of royal lineage in England. *London Queen.*

The Law on Kissing.

In a Brooklyn court the other day a young man was convicted of stealing a kiss from a pretty girl.

The culprit made no defense beyond the miserable plea that "he couldn't help it," and there was nothing for the stern judge to do but to pronounce sentence.

His honor was fully equal to the occasion. In the course of his remarks he said:

"There is no objection, so far as I can see, to a man kissing a girl if she is willing. But you must not do it against her will. She has a right to object, and if she does you mustn't do it. Be sure she is willing before you try."

The lame part of the law is its failure to prescribe the test of willingness in such cases. Of course the girl always says "No," but it is a well-known fact that under some circumstances her "No," means "Yes." How is a fellow to find out?

Of course the decision of the Brooklyn judge must stand, but we are strongly of the opinion that in this class of offenses the administration of justice should be tempered with mercy. No iron-clad prohibition law will fit the case. A very mild local option measure of a flexible and self-adjusting character is the best that can be hoped for.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The "Chestnut" Button.

The successor of the chestnut bell has appeared. It is the electric chestnut button. The button is modeled after the electric annunciator button, and is intended to be worn openly on the lapel of the waistcoat. When you have one on, and some one kindly tells you that your favorite story is a chestnut, you natively ask him to ring it up for you. As soon as he presses the chestnut button a needle point runs into his finger and announces that the laugh is on him.

Smart Old Lady.

Mrs. Sophia Crown, of Winsted, Ct., though 97 years old, reads the daily newspaper with avidity, knits, sews, threads her own needle, makes her own caps, assists in the housework, and grumbles because she is not permitted to do more.

THE FRAGRANT WEED.

IMPORTED AND NATIVE TOBACCO.

Some Account of the Manner in Which the Material for Imported Cigars is Raised—Native Products.

A Chicagoan who recently visited Cuba, in an interview with one of our reporters, said:

You can buy just as vile trash in Cuba as that sold by the lowest Chinaman who peddles cigars at a cent apiece in the slums of New York. When I first went to Havana I used to buy my cigars promiscuously in any of the different "Fabricos" and hardly ever found a good one. Afterward I made it my business to find out the names of the best makers and brands by getting sample boxes from the factories, and then, having fixed upon the kind that suited me best, purchased those and those only. When you remember that there are more than one hundred and fifty cigar manufacturers in Havana alone it is not surprising that a great many bad cigars are found there.

The oldest factory in Cuba was founded in 1803 by Don Francisco Cabanos, to whose descendants it now belongs. When it was first started they used to sell only about four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand cigars a year. In 1826 the sales had increased to 2,000,000, and by 1875 they were sending out about sixteen million cigars yearly to all parts of the world. The firm owns three vegas or tobacco farms, and the amount raised upon these reaches about six thousand bales, 1,000 of these being exported, as the factory does not use common grades.

Is Havana tobacco really the best for cigars? Yes, I believe it is generally acknowledged by experts to be the finest flavored, though some consider that grown in the Mexican coast is equal in flavor, and Connecticut tobacco is certainly its superior as a wrapper. A Cuban Vega is quite a pretty sight. The plant grows to a height of from six to nine feet and has oblong, spear-shaped leaves, the tobacco being stronger when only a few leaves are permitted to grow.



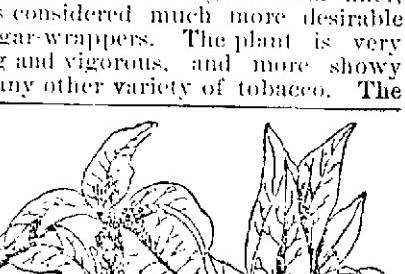
Havana Tobacco.

When young the leaves are a dark-green color and have rather a smooth appearance, but they afterward change to a yellowish green. The plant grows quickly, and by careful pruning they obtain a fine colored leaf, varying from a straw color to a dark brown or black. It takes about eight or ten weeks to ripen, and the leaves grow thicker all the time. The plant throws out quite a pleasant odor while growing, like most tropical plants. The blossom is bright pink.

There is very strict cigar etiquette in Havana and to infringe any of its rules is construed as an insult. For instance, when you are asked for a light, to hand your cigar without first knocking off the ashes is considered a terrible breach of etiquette, though even that is not so bad as passing a cigar handed you to obtain a light from a third person for a similar purpose. The rule is to hand back the cigar with as graceful a wave as you can command, and then, if necessary, pass your own cigar to the third person. In Cuba every one smokes—men, women and children. Cigars are so plentiful that the usual custom, when you ask for a light, even from a stranger (which, by the way, no one hesitates to do), is to pull out your case and offer him a cigar, by way of acknowledging his civility in stopping to accommodate you. To refuse a cigar from a Cuban is to offer him a direct insult.

Yes, it is quite true that Cuban ladies occasionally indulge in the weed, though not nearly to so great an extent as is usually reported. Another mistaken notion is that Cubans smoke their cigars green. On the contrary, the leaf is always entirely dried before being touched by the manufacturer. People down there are very particular indeed to preserve the aroma and fragrance of their cigars by keeping them in wrappers of oiled and soft silks, and some gentlemen have these produced at their tables with as much ceremony as an Englishman uses when he brings out his old wine.

The great rival of Havana tobacco is grown in Connecticut, and is known as "Connecticut Seed-Leaf." Though its flavor is inferior to that of the Cuban tobacco its texture is great deal finer, and is considered much more desirable for cigar-wrappers. The plant is very strong and vigorous, and more showy than any other variety of tobacco. The



Connecticut Tobacco.

stalk is straight and large, and the leaf broad and graceful—in color either light or dark cinnamon. It has been grown in Connecticut for more than half a century, and attains its greatest perfection in the rich meadows of the Connecticut valley. Tobacco was introduced into Ohio about the same time it was first grown in Connecticut, and the Buckeye State now produces large quantities, used chiefly for chewing and smoking.

Wisconsin has quite lately come to the fore as a tobacco-growing State, and large crops have been raised there during the last few years.

Virginia tobacco has had a reputation for more than two hundred and fifty years. It was one of the first products cultivated by the English settlers, and

had made a name for itself in less than a quarter of a century after the first settlement of the colony. The plant grows to the height of from five to seven feet, the leaves being long and broad. The finest



Virginia Leaf.

Virginia tobacco comes from the mountainous counties, but the amount is small compared to the large quantities raised on the lowlands of the Dan and James rivers. James river tobacco is known all over the world, and the same ground is cultivated and planted with tobacco now as in 1620.

It is now nearly four hundred years since the sailors of Columbus first noticed the use of tobacco by the natives, when exploring the island of Cuba, and when the plant introduced into some new portion of the world, till to-day it is found growing through such a wide range of temperature as that included between the equator and Moscow in Russia (latitude 56 degrees). In England much attention has been paid to its culture of late years, Queen Victoria interesting herself greatly in the matter. Every item of information on the subject has been forwarded to her by special command. This interest is said to be the outcome of old memories, it having been with the late prince consort an article of faith that the raising of tobacco in England would be of national benefit.

An astonishing amount of literature has been produced on the subject of tobacco. The verse which has been written in praise as well as of dispraise of the "Indian novelty" would fill a volume. Byron, Southey, Henry Fielding, Thomas Hood, and many others equally famous have all written in eulogy of what Byron calls "sublime tobacco," Charles Lamb's verses in which he alternately blames and praises his beloved weed are well known. He ends, however:

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

Some extremely moral verses on tobacco were written in England in the seventeenth century and are well known there to-day, having been handed down from generation to generation. They run as follows:

Tobacco's but an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve.
It shows our decay; we are but clay;

Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch—man's life is such;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within
Shows how man's soul is stained with sin;
And then the fire it doth require;

Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind
Do serve to put us all in mind;

That unto dust return we must;

Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend
Shows us man's life must have an end;

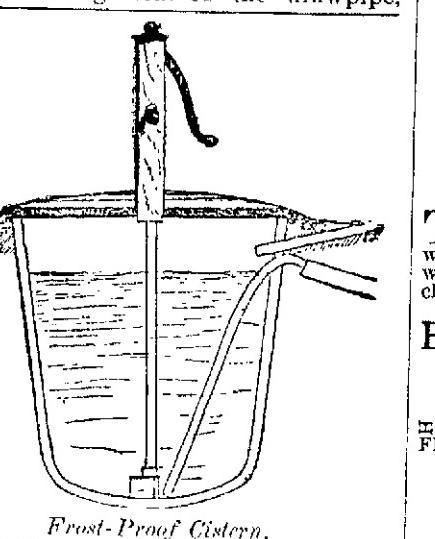
The vapor's gone—man's life is done;

Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

How to Keep a Cistern Clean and Frost Proof.

A poorly made cistern is a danger to health, because of the impurities which can obtain access to the water, and unfit it for use. Every part around the surface of a cistern should be made close. The beams which support the floor should be bedded in the wall, or shoulder of the cistern, and covered with lime or cement mortar, leaving a smooth surface all around for the first floor. This should then be covered with a second floor, raised eight or ten inches on a frame of two by ten joists, made of cedar or chestnut. The earth should be packed closely against this frame and the top floor should extend a few inches beyond the frame all around. The cistern is then frost and vermin proof. Another important point is to get rid of the sediment which gathers at the bottom of every cistern. This is done by carrying the overflow pipe to the bottom of the cistern on a line with the inlet pipe, and thus forming a current which disturbs the sediment and carries it into the overflow. This is shown in the illustration; also the arrangement of the drawpipe,



Frost-Proof Cistern.

which should have a fine, wire strainer on the end, and should rest upon a support near the bottom of a fine strainer, at least two feet high. We have found a piece of one-quarter inch mesh of galvanized wire-gauze, bent into a pipe a foot in diameter, and covered with thick flannel cloth, doubled, to make an excellent filter for the water. A cistern thus arranged six years ago for use in a dairy barn, has never required cleaning, and the water has always been good.—*American Agriculturist.*

Uncle Rastus—"Kin yo' trus' me to er codfish din mawmin', Mistah Sugarsand?" Grocer—"Trust you to a codfish, Uncle Rastus?" No, sir. You owe me now for a codfish you bought nine years ago. Why don't you ask me to give you a codfish?" Uncle Rastus (with dignity) "Kase Ise too proud ter beg, sah." —*N.Y. Sun.*

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Truption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, Fever-sore, Scaly or Rough Skin; in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and tonic medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested great success in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Serofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, Rheumatism, Gout, or Thrice Neck, and Enlarged Spleen. Send ten cents in stamps for a large tract, which gives the price of the medicine, and the amount to be paid for it.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached.

This is wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, and the offering of the now celebrated remedy to the public, we sincerely thought seriously of calling it the "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, dieteretic, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, and nutritive properties, is unequalled.

HABITS OF CERTAIN ANTS.

HOW ALMOST HUMAN THEY APPEAR TO BE IN THEIR PASSIONS.

Their Sense of Cleanliness—Care of Their Dead—A Life of Labor, Hardship and Strife—Fighting in Single Combat—Bloody Battles.

In spite of the multifarious duties and tasks that are imposed on these tiny burghers they still find time to clean and adorn their worthy little persons. No spot, no atom of dust or anything else uncleanly will they tolerate on their bodies. They get rid of the dirt with the brushy tufts on their feet or with their tongue. They act, for all the world, like domestic cats when they clean and lick themselves; and they assist one another at the toilet precisely like monkeys.

The common beggar dervish is a fellow of pronounced depravity. His appearance is bad enough. He wears rags, begrimed and filthy beyond belief. His beard and hair are left growing, and are unkempt and full of vermin. His voice is cracked and his eye is haggard from the constant use of the soul numbing bhang (hasheesh). He carries a stick, the handle of which is carried so as to describe the Persian characters for "Yah Ali," and besides he exhibits the kashkul (coconut shell to receive alms in) and often an old tiger skin thrown over his shoulders, and the horn of an argati (mountain sheep), to produce the horrible noise with which he understands with such perfection to make a nuisance of himself. He sits down at some shady street corner and bowls at every passer-by his "Yah huk" (Oh, eternal truth), without ever taking the trouble to rise when soliciting alms. He will receive money from anybody, even unbelieving Ferenghis, but will send curses and strong vituperation after people if they have not given him as much as he expected. Many of them will feign insanity, the better to beguile the unwary Sheeite, who, like the Turk, has a feeling of tender pity and reverence for the demented.

The higher grade dervishes style themselves Ahle azaad, (free people), and are generally men of some education, but are, like the other kind, arrant vagabonds, and worse if the opportunity is favorable. They wear cleaner clothes and part their hair in the middle, but smoke bhang, too, and generally have women companions, the lowest of their sex, along with them. While the lower kind of dervishes are too ignorant to know anything, this latter species of the genus are confirmed atheists, while at the same time leading a life of idleness and vice on the strength of their pretended claim to holiness and piety. A few, a very few, of them, are still, however, men of learning and austerity, and have pupils and followers.—Cor. New York Times.

THE DERVISHES OF PERSIA.

They Are a Lot of Conscienceless Sensationalists—Fraud—Higher Grades.

Among the religious institutions of Persia the dervish deserves mention. From among their ranks the noblest thinkers, teachers, and poets sprang in the days of old, but this is long past. To-day the dervishes are a lot of conscienceless, unscrupulous ragamuffins, beggars, intriguers, fanatics, atheists, sensualists and cynics by turns. They are all hashish smokers (bhang), and lead a dissolute life, using religion as a cloak to cover all their sins and passions, and, nearly always in league with the louts and robbers and thieves. Many of them are Hindus, and among their number may be found people of all degrees, even some of the wealthiest and highest.

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PERSONALITIES IN FRANCE.

Sarcey tells, amusingly enough, how The Figaro for years twitted him about the size of his cars. Once The Figaro had a story about him somewhat as follows: A man was seen loitering along the Seine, trying to wrench out of the masonry the big iron rings boats are fastened to. When arrested by the police it turned out to be Francisque Sarcey. What he was doing was searching for earings for his own adornment.—The Argonaut.

THE QUEEN'S UMBRELLA.

Queen Victoria was presented a few days ago with a specially made umbrella from Glasgow. The handle was a round globe of fine gold representing the world, studded over with precious stones to represent her majesty's dominions.

THE COST OF FIRES.

Three hundred million dollars is a low estimate of the direct cost to the people of this country of fires that occur in a year.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Department of Agriculture has just completed its report of the yield of leading crops per acre for the current year, and it cannot fail to be of intense interest to all interested in farming.

SAYS THE REPORT:

The present being, in the recent order of alternation, the bearing year for apple orchards, large crop would naturally be expected, but from the outset conditions have been favorable. In many sections the usual order seems to have been reversed: 1885, instead of being a non bearing year, proving a prolific season, and the past crop year a period of comparative rest, with short product. In New England the yield, while below that of any average year, is larger than the previous crop; elsewhere with the exception of a few states of the west and northwest, where the crop of 1885 was very small, it is generally smaller and of inferior quality.

The crop year opened with unfavorable prospects, especially in the sections outside of New England and the Middle States. Bloom was fairly profuse, but in many orchards the young fruit failed to set well during June, and on the 1st of July condition was still further lowered. This deterioration, which had been most marked in the Southern States, continued during August, and on the 1st of September the prospect was materially reduced in all sections.

Condition was reported for the last time in that month, and the averages for the principal States were:—Maine 90; Massachusetts, 90; New York, 61; Pennsylvania, 87; Virginia, 72; Ohio, 90; Michigan, 80; Indiana, 90; Illinois, 75; Iowa, 50; Missouri, 77; Kansas, 70; California, 50; and Oregon, 81.

The returns of the present month relate to product as compared with a full yield and take into account the conditions favorable and unfavorable which have existed during the season, including the two months which have passed since last report of condition. The product has been largest in New England, ranging from 75 per cent. of a full yield in Connecticut to 94 in Vermont. The crop is unevenly distributed, many orchards making a full product and others showing but a small yield. The quality is generally fair.

In New York the crop is very short, the percentage being but 53 and of inferior quality. Condition was poor during the whole season, and as the fruit ripened prospects were further reduced by an unusual amount of rot. This tendency is attributed to premature ripening, brought on by the hot, dry weather of the latter part of the season.

REPORT MEDIUM CROPS OF FAIR QUALITY. IN ALL THERE IS SOME COMPLAINT OF EARLY ROTTING, ATTRIBUTED MAINLY TO THE EFFECT OF DROUGHT DURING THE PERIOD OF GROWTH.

Virginia, in common with all the Southern States, has a very short crop. In the whole of this section condition, low in the beginning, fell off steadily during the summer from the drought, twig blight and insect damages. Comparatively this region produces but few apples. The principal States with present prospects of product are:—Virginia, 45; North Carolina, 62; Tennessee, 50, and Kentucky, 97.

In West Virginia and Ohio the crop is of good proportions, but there is the same complaint about the failure of winter apples to keep well and generally attributed to the same cause. The lake States and the Northwest show a product smaller than that of an average bearing year and not up to the usual standard of quality. The percentages reign from 52 in Iowa and 60 in Minnesota to 65 in Indiana and 83 in Michigan.

The great complaint of insect injury comes from California, where the codlin moth has damaged the fruit in many counties.

ONE WAY TO GET ROADS.

A Mansfield gentleman in the News thus describes a practical enterprise:

I used to live in Peru, Ind. Well, we had an enterprising dry goods man there, who took it into his head to pile the surrounding country, and this is the way he went at it. He went to a farmer and said: "Here, can't you haul about 100 loads of gravel for me on the road in front of your property? If you do so I will give you \$150 worth of stock in a company which shall control the road, and take toll from those who travel on it." Well, the farmer naturally thought of the scheme, and knowing that toll roads pay well, he was ready to grasp the opportunity to make an investment, and at the same time to increase the value of his property by hauling gravel at odd times.

The stockholders paid no toll, or else at a very low rate, while outsiders were charged up to the limit. That brought them right into the told. This dry goods man succeeded in building one pile in this way, and as soon as one pile was in operation the farmers came to him on all sides and wanted more piles on the same plan. The consequence is that Peru has got good piles in all directions and her farmers have an easy drive to town, while their land is immensely increased in value.

They have proved gold mines to more than one capitalist. Of course where the majority of farmers along a road are the stockholders they do not expect to make much, but the good road is money to them. The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some of the leading features of

AN ECHO FROM ELYRIA.

I was greatly interested in the article from a Massillon correspondent especially relating to "Our library." It was a grand bequest of Charles Arthur Ely, and ably and heartily carried out by his noble wife, whose heart was ever open to "every good word and work." It was Mrs. Ely's greatest desire to see a free "Reading room" in this place also, and how heartily would she have hailed this day, which is witness to the fact, and have aided in its support. We regret that the Massillon correspondent had not peeped into this very bright, cheery room, well warmed and furnished with daily prominent papers and choice magazines, all provided so freely by our generous citizens and too, patronized by so many With its nice game and bath rooms so well appointed.—G. M. S. in the Elyria Telephone.

A VALUABLE MEDICAL TREATISE.

The edition for 1887 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready and may be obtained, free of cost, of drugists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of each year for one-fifth of a century. It contains with the most practical advice for the preservation and regulation of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac is probably the largest edition of a medical work ever published in the country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., of Newburgh, N.Y., on receipt of a two-cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

BRACE UP.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug Store.

BUCKLIN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetters, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin impurities, and positively cures piles, or no pain required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

GIVE ELY'S CREAM BALM a trial. This justly celebrated remedy for the cure of catarrh justly relieved, in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetters, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin impurities, and positively cures piles, or no pain required. It is not a liquid salve or powder has no offensive odor and can be used at any time with good results, as thousands can testify among them some of the attachés of this office.—*Spirit of the Times*, May 29, 1886.

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GIVE ELY

Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT F. SKINNER. SAMUEL R. WEIRICH.

PUBLISHED BY

SKINNER & WEIRICH,

Opera House Block,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	1.00
Three Months.....	.50

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1886.

Let us have natural gas.

That Massillon has natural gas has been demonstrated.

Talk about the new public library. It is very cheap, and is often useful.

If we get natural gas we will also get a new glass factory, and nobody knows how many others will follow.

The Wayne County *Democrat* thinks that brimstone is the fuel of the future, especially for Republican editors.

If all overhanging street signs are removed, no merchant can complain of his neighbor's advertisement overshadowing his own.

Congress could not do a wiser thing than to extend the free delivery system to all postoffices doing a business of ten thousand dollars a year, or more.

The Alliance *Review* is pleased to remark that "the Massillon INDEPENDENT gets right down to bed rock in discussing the 'new county' question, and dispenses wisdom and sense in solid chunks."

The average country newspaper editor is the most piratical of all pirates. Beyond the purest kind of pure local news, it is a hard matter to find anything that bears the stamp of originality.

Several dozen pipe line companies, with capital of from fifty thousand to five million dollars back of them, have been organized within the last year or two to bring natural gas to Ohio towns. The companies still exist—on paper.

A board of trade is not only necessary for business purposes, but it would fill a social want. Where in Massillon, outside of restaurants and stores, can business men congregate at evenings? Such an organization could be made wonderfully popular, as well as useful.

Ex-Judge Meyer wrote a letter to the editor of the Canton *Democrat* protesting against the styling of the transfer of his office as a "shyster trick." The point Judge Meyer makes is that he was stronger than his party, owed his election to no one but himself, and is therefore responsible to no one but himself in its disposition.The Canton *Repository* says: "We rather incline to the opinion that Massillon and Alliance would prefer remaining in the county if the county commissioners were not so extravagant."

We rather incline to the opinion that Massillon and Alliance would prefer to run their own affairs in their own way. The county is too big, and the desire to divide it into the three counties that exist now, in all but name, has only been more freely expressed since it is known that its affairs have been so badly mismanaged.

The Navarre *Independent* waxes ironical over the new county idea, but, of course, when it considers seriously, it will see the utility of having a new division made. Nature's boundary lines, though ignored at first, will assert themselves. Nature made the Tuscarawas valley, and willed that the interests of the people in it should be common. The coal, stone and wheat interests of the north and south ends center in Massillon, and to legalize what already is, would greatly convenience the good people of Navarre, of Massillon, of Lawrence and many other townships, without injuring anybody in the least. The suggestion is a good one, and in time, not far distant, must go through.

An out of town contractor remarked some time ago, that he had not seen a single heavy teaming wagon in Massillon properly built for a heavy load. In the cities,

fair audience nearly split its sides laughing over "Patent Rights" on Saturday night. The company was very well balanced.

Elegant stock of Silk mufflers hand-kerchiefs at A. L. Watkins'.

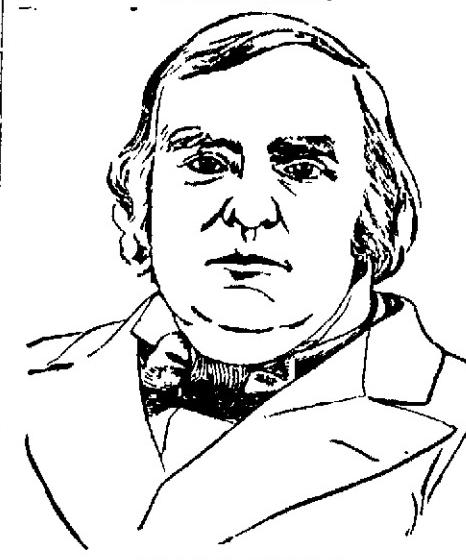
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A FOR AMERICANS."

Benedictional Thanksgiving Sermon By Rev.

J. P. NEWMAN.



REV. J. P. NEWMAN.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Rev. Dr. Newman, celebrated as Gen. Grant's chaplain, delivered a sensational political sermon in the Metropolitan M. E. church yesterday. "America for Americans" was his theme. He disclaimed knownothingism, but set up a very high and exclusive standard of American citizenship.

He recognizes that one may be an American without being born in this country, but he would make every foreigner live at least fifteen years here to learn what he called the seven essential attributes to an American, before obtaining a voter's privilege. He would make every priest and every Roman Catholic renounce before God and the holy angels all allegiance to every foreign prince, pontiff and potentate, whether spiritual or temporal. The pope, he said, should have no sovereignty here. He vehemently denounced the Irish vote, the German vote and every vote that was not thoroughly American.

"Away with them," he shouted, "and down with the politician who would bid for them. We want no man for president of the United States who would sink so low as to bid for an alien vote." The recognition of Christianity as the religion of the United States he named as one of the seven essential attributes of an American citizen. There was a large congregation present, and the sacred edifice resounded with shouts and applause and loud amens, such as one has been accustomed to hear only in hallelujah gatherings of the Salvation Army. At the end an excited parishioner rose and made a speech, in which he declared the preacher had expressed the sentiments of the congregation. Such excitement has not before been witnessed in any church in this city.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

A Scare in Toronto Over the Rapid Increase of the French Canadians.
TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 1.—The scare over what was stated to be the rapid increase in the Roman Catholic population of the Dominion, which was emphatically denied by the Globe, has received a fresh impetus from an address delivered before the Methodist missionary meeting in this city last night, by Rev. L. N. Beaudry, of Montreal, the subject of which was the rapid increase of the French Canadians. Mr. Beaudry, in the course of his address, said there were to-day 2,000,000 Roman Catholics in Canada, which is nearly one-half of the entire population. The growth of the French Canadians surpassed anything on this continent. In addition to those in the Province of Quebec, there were 150,000 scattered throughout Ontario, and 1,000,000 in the United States. The average number of children to a French Canadian family was fifteen while that of an English family was about three.

What did this mean? It meant that in twenty-five years the French-Canadian people of this country would be in a majority. And he next thought was that this whole population were controlled almost absolutely by one man, the pope. Protestantism was on the decline in Quebec. Where a few years ago there were to be seen a fair sprinkling of Protestant churches, there were hardly any to-day. And why? because there was fewer people to attend them. The French-Canadians were crowding the English out of the province. His convictions was that they were coming face to face with a political problem, such as Canada had never met. French and English had met, and the prowess of their arms had been felt, and on the plains of Abraham, Montcalm had succumbed. The French had then submitted, and the conquest of the English was accomplished, or so it looked to be, but because one vital mistake was made, just there they had to meet the same question again. What was that mistake?

It was in giving the Roman Catholic church privileges which Protestants in the Province of Quebec were denied. He predicted that unless some mighty agency interfered there would be in a few years nothing left of the English tongue or blood in the Province of Quebec. The address has created considerable of a furor. The religious question is one of the foremost in the politics of Canada, and as an evidence may be cited the fact that the leading editorials of the chief newspapers of the country are devoted to its discussion. The question is also likely to prove one of the largest factors in the coming election.

A BIG COAL POOL.

Combinations By Which the Price Is to Be Advanced Thirty Per Cent.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—The Herald says: There is to be an advance of from 25 to 30 per cent. in the cost of bituminous coal. The price is to be put at a higher figure than it has reached in over three years. Two great combinations have been formed to control the entire soft coal output of the country.

There are to be two new pools controlling the soft coal production. One, the Ohio pool, has just been formed. It will direct absolutely the output from the great coal fields of Ohio. All the details of the programme have been arranged, and the first advance of thirty cents per ton been made. The other soft coal pool is known as the Buffalo pool.

It consists of the three railroads which, like those in Ohio, control all the product which comes to Buffalo for a market—the Rochester & Pittsburg, the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia, and the Erie railroad.

The first advance to the consumers will be thirty cents a ton. This will be followed by a second advance of a like amount before going according to the statements of one who ought to know. This will be made before January 1, and will afford a pretext for the sixty cent rise in Ohio coal.

The coal managers will meet again by adjournment from November 15, to consider the question of production and prices for December. The result of the meeting is anxiously awaited by the wholesalers at Chicago, Milwaukee and other western centers, who expect such action as will warrant them in still further increasing the already exorbitant prices of fuel in the west.

SHOT DEAD BY A THIEF.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Daniel Sullivan a laborer, was shot dead by Thomas Hunt, a thief, during a quarrel among roughs in Larokin's saloon, at Leonard and Center streets, last night. Sullivan was not taking part in the fight. Escaped.

Elegant stock of Silk mufflers hand-kerchiefs at A. L. Watkins'.

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EXTRAORDINARY.

The greatest sale on record began at day, Nov. 13th, at Watkins' old dry goods stand, in the assignment of H. J. Watkins. The assignee has sold the entire stock to A. L. Watkins & Co., of Pittsburg, who are now in possession and busily engaged marking goods down, and will open Saturday morning, November 13th.

This Immense Stock Comprises the most Complete Assortment of

Dry Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Boots & Shoes

In Stark county and must be sold out regardless of cost.

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,
No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

PENCHANT PARAGRAPHS

A CONDENSATION OF THE TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Political Pointers and Personal Palavers.

Labor, Love and Trades' Trials—Rail Rumblings—Foreign Fancies and Fires. Casualties and Crimes—News Notes.

J. P. Fawcett has been appointed probate judge of Stark county, to fill the unexpired term of S. Meyer, resigned.

George F. Gore has been released from the Chicago base ball club, and will play next season with the New Yorks.

Engineer Thomas Little has been presented with a silver medal by Bishop Whipple for his action at the time of the Rio, Wis., disaster, whereby he saved many lives.

B. F. Butler, of Nashville, Ind., has been appointed government carpenter for the Cheyenne Indians with headquarters at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Addison Hills has been appointed assistant to President Newell, and E. Gallup, assistant general manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, entertained a large audience at Chickering Hall, N. Y., with a story of his varied adventures through the interior of Southern Africa nearly ten years ago.

Capt. Flynn, Orrin Hatch and John Smith, of the Ludington, Mich., life-saving crew, were drowned while attempting a rescue.

In a railroad accident near Canton, Dak., the engineers and firemen of both trains were killed.

Casualties.

William Crossgrove was killed and John Vandling and Henry Park seriously wounded in a colliery explosion, at Forty Fort, Pa.

Granville Brown, aged fourteen years, was burned in a barn near Mount Vernon, Ky.

At Lima, O., Frederick Powell, a pumpman at an oil well was overcome by gas and died in a short time.

Mary Wilson, aged eighteen years, was burned to death near Evansville, Ind., by her clothes taking fire from a grate.

The seven-year-old daughter of Louis Rinker, of Miami county, Indiana, swallowed a teaspoonful of carbolic acid, mistaking it for medicine, and died.

Edward Lee, Charles Moore and G. B. Levering, lost their lives in the Duluth elevator fire. The total loss is estimated at \$8,500,000, and the insurance over \$700,000.

A contractor named Bryant was killed by dynamite at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Fred Snyder fell into the canal at Massillon, O., on his way home and was drowned.

Near Blacksburg, W. Va., Thomas Dillard, while in a fit, fell between moving cars and was crushed to death.

Political Pointers.

The vote in Indiana shows that the Republicans elected fifty-five members of the house with an aggregate majority of 36,312, and the Democrats forty-five members, with a majority of 26,782. The Republicans are 9,580 ahead.

By a recount in the Third Assembly district of Camden county, New Jersey, the Democrats have gained one seat in the legislature, and they now have a majority of one on joint ballot, the figures standing: Democrats 41, Republicans 38, Labor 2.

In Boston and New Haven every member of the Labor party must take an obligation binding himself to abide by the decision of the majority, to do faithful work on committees, to devote four hours to manning the polls on election day, to secure votes for the Labor candidates, to report treachery, and to see that his own personal conduct adds dignity to the party.

The Republicans have nominated Thomas N. Hart for mayor of Boston.

A recount of the votes for county auditor at Bloomington, Ind., has resulted in the election of Silas Grimes, Republican.

Three Years for Manslaughter.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—Judge Biddle has sentenced Isaac Hall, who pleaded guilty to manslaughter, to three years in the penitentiary to date from commitment. On the 17th of July last, Hall killed William E. Johnson, a colored boy, hitting him on the head with a base ball bat.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Items of Interest to the Members of the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.

The committee on camp-fire of Hart Post, No. 134, G. A. R., of Massillon, met at the office of Commander R. A. Pinn, Tuesday evening, Comrade S. V. C. V. R. King in the chair. The committee decided to hold their campfire on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, 1886. Special invitations were ordered to be sent to Department Commander A. L. Conger and staff, and all neighboring G. A. R. posts. Arrangements were made for a regular programme of exercises, which will be about as follows:

Supper, consisting of hard tack, sowbelly and coffee; pipe and tobacco. Address of welcome, response, Grand Army speeches by invited orators, chief among which will be the "Army Muie" by Capt. A. S. McClure, of

Wooster, O. Grand Army songs, fancy drill by Mrs. McKinley Tent Daughters of Veterans, Drill by Sons of Veterans. A grand ball and oyster supper will close the evening.

MASILLON, O., Nov. 26, 1886.

To Hart Post, No. 134:

We hereby invite each member of Hart Post and family, to attend an entertainment at K. of P. Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 4, given by the Daughters of Veterans, to celebrate the anniversary of their incorporation. Entertainment free, and begins at 7:30 o'clock.

SECRETARY D. V. V.

The following officers were elected in Sippo Lodge, No. 48, on Monday evening, November 29: Ellis Roberts, N. G.; B. Lantzer, V. G.; C. Higginbotham, Rec. Sec'y; H. Huber, Per. Sec'y; H. F. Oehler, Treas.

An open meeting of the order of Chosen Friends will be held in the K. of P. hall next Tuesday evening. Supreme Marshal of the Grand Lodge, J. P. Van Nest, will be present. The public is urged to attend.

Dress goods, silks, velvets, Domestics and notions again reduced to close out at Watkins'.

ATTENTION!

Ex-Prisoners of the Late War.

I have just received a request from the Commissioner of Pensions to forward the names of all ex-prisoners, to be placed on record in the Department. As I do not know of them all, I hope that every soldier or sailor of that class in this vicinity will call on me at once, at my office on East Main street, Massillon, that I may complete the list as soon as possible. Call at night if you have not time in the day.

R. A. PINN,
Atty-at-law and Post Commander
Hart Post, No. 134, G. A. R.

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy recovery, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Philip Luzius died on Saturday night.

Mr. J. B. Thompson is laid up this week, having stepped on a nail Monday.

The Rev. W. J. Wilson's presence in this city was warmly welcomed by many friends this week.

Joseph Blaker, an old resident of this city, died at his home, on West Main street, on Tuesday night.

The Herbrook mine, belonging to the Burton Coal Company has been connected with the telephone exchange.

The business manager of the INDEPENDENT ought to be and is grateful for the congratulations recently showered upon him by the press.

The Methodist bazaar has been unusually successful in every sense of the word. And little wonder, considering the feasts they spread.

Mr. C. L. McLain has remodeled the interior of his residence on Plum street, making one of the most convenient and complete houses in the city.

Mr. Thomas Dillon is taking a little enforced vacation because of an accident in which one of his hands was so badly bruised as to compel him to stop work.

Frank Landis whose arrest is due to the efforts of Mr. Charles Krider and the Massillon police, has been sentenced to four years in the penitentiary at Mansfield, for stealing horses.

This paper is under obligations to Mr. T. B. George, of Topeka, Kansas, for a catalogue of the Topeka Free Library, copies of the regulations, and other information which will be of great use.

Last week the printers thought they could improve upon "A Red Acorn," as written by the author, and carried readers on at the rate of three chapters to a column. The matter has been rectified this week.

Tuesday afternoon Frederick Kresser, of West Brookfield, who works at Sonnhalter's coal mine, was caught between two coal cars and had his ankle badly crushed. Dr. J. F. Gardner is attending him, and thinks that he will ultimately recover the use of his limb.

Six o'clock Monday morning the fire company was called by an alarm from the third ward. It was the house occupied by James Cooney on Cherry street. The roof was badly burned, and the damage will amount to nearly three hundred dollars, not quite covered by insurance. A defective flue was the cause.

At Reed & Company's hollow ware glass works, they have two phenomenal blowers, or to be more correct one "factory," whose recent output in one day was one hundred and eight dozen bottles, and whose weekly average is one hundred and three dozen. This is very remarkable, as eighty-four dozen a day is considered excellent work.

About forty water works diggers indulged in another "strike" last Thursday. Frank Benedict, a foreman, was discharged for drunkenness, and retaliated by urging his men to strike for his reinstatement. Mr. Miller, the superintendent of pipe laying, spoke briefly and to the point, the result being that all but about a dozen went back to work. The dozen were discharged.

The working of the gas furnace at the Corn's Iron Works, is even more satisfactory than the builder's most sanguine hopes. This week the best record scored anywhere with the Smith apparatus was made, thirty-nine thousand, eight hundred pounds of slack being used in eight hours. The best previous record was forty-four thousand, two hundred and eighty pounds in eight hours.

A prominent Massillon liquor dealer said the other day that beer drinking among the working people in this city, had been reduced almost thirty per cent, because of the enormous quantity of cider in the market, made it possible for them all to have plenty at home. He said that the state of affairs would last until spring. It seems that a good cider year is always a poor beer year, and it is well known that more cider has rarely, if ever, been manufactured in this valley than this fall.

The case against L. C. Royer for malicious libel is now being heard at Canton. Readers will remember this is the person who has caused so much trouble and expense to Russell & Co., of this city, by his persistent claims against them for royalty. He has been unable to establish any right, thus far, to such claims. The present case has grown out of Royer's actions in defaming the characters of some of the members of the incorporation by circulating, as claimed, matter of libelous nature. The case will probably be decided this week.

It is a curious fact, and one never yet made public, that no post office inspection was made during ex-Postmaster Crawford's incumbency. As was right and proper, shortly after the Hon. Anthony Howell succeeded to the office, an inspector dropped in unexpectedly and the money, stamps, and envelopes were counted, and the books for the four years examined. The result was that, including the month or two of Mr. Howell's possession of the office, there was a shortage of just one dollar and eighteen cents. The amount was so

trifling that the inspector said he would call it a balance. It is a pleasant little incident for Republicans to know, and one worth remembering.

The U. C. D. Club met on Monday night at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Jarvis. The librarian stated that about twenty volumes recently ordered, had been added to the club library. Mr. A. T. Skinner read an interesting account of Poe's fight with the Indians, near Smith's Ferry, prefacing the story with a statement of the causes which led to the trouble. Mrs. James R. Dunn read a paper upon the opening of the west, or more particularly upon the discoveries of De Soto and Le Salle. The topic furnished subject matter for a lively discussion of the Indian question. Mr. T. H. Focke read an editorial from a southern journal acknowledging the dependency of the South upon the North for almost everything. The next meeting will be with Mr. and Mrs. Everhard.

At the invitation of the Rev. E. L. Kemp, the young people met at St. Timothy's rectory Tuesday night, and organized "The Young People's Association," having for its object the erection of a parish building, such as has been described before in these columns, and which, when finished, will not be a mere church : fair, but an institution free to the whole city. Miss Molly Sladden was elected president; Miss Nellie Frearer, vice president; Robert P. Skinner, secretary and treasurer, and Edward A. Peacock, Miss Minnie D. Kuhn and Miss Hattie Dainger were selected as an executive committee. This committee was requested to be prepared to submit a constitution and by-laws at the next meeting. Every alternate Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock was selected as the time for each meeting, and upon the invitation of Mrs. Kemp, the rectory was selected as the place. The executive committee, upon short notice, prepared a marvellous program for the next meeting. Short comedies and light operas will probably be presented by the club from time to time. It seems likely that twice as many will be present at the next meeting.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Miss Anna Bucher is the guest of Miss Ella Bucher in Canton.

John Wilhofer, formerly of Navarre, has moved to Massillon.

Miss Anna Steese has returned from her summer travels in Europe.

Henry Lloyd, Esq., of the Linden Steel Co., Pittsburgh, is in the city.

Miss Mattie Corns has returned after an absence from the city of some months.

Mrs. S. M. Knapp is home again, after having spent the summer in Mansfield.

Officer Thomas Hagan was called to Akron on Tuesday, by the death of his sister.

Miss Nellie Gillespie of Pittsburgh is visiting Mrs. W. K. L. Warwick, on East Main street.

Miss Lois Campbell of Cleveland spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Kellogg.

The Rev. B. F. Booth married Mr. William F. Graber and Miss Mary Packier, on Thanksgiving day.

Messrs. Ed Pille, Max Hatsberg and James Smith attended Mr. C. L. Peacock's dancing academy, in Canton, last Tuesday evening.

On Nov. 24, at the U. B. Parsonage, Mr. Adam Culler, and Miss Flora E. Shetler, both of Navarre, were married by the Rev. B. F. Booth.

A. W. Baxter, of Russell and Co.'s, has returned from a five weeks' trip to Yonkers, New York, where he has been engaged in setting up one of Russell & Co.'s Automatic engines for the Schuyler Electric Light Company at that place.

Owing to the U. C. D. Club's second lecture on Wednesday night, and a very mistaken impression which got abroad that Prof. Peacock's evening dancing class was composed of pupils who knew more or less of the art, he deemed it wise to defer his first lesson until next Wednesday night. As the lecture course is a public enterprise he was especially glad not to interfere at all with it. No members of his evening class have any knowledge of dancing, and any who have not yet joined can do so before next week and still not be behind any other members.

Licenses to Marry.

The Canton Repository reports the following marriage licenses to have been issued in this county:

Frank Rastetter and Frances Boerner, of Jackson township; Thomas E. Dunn and Lydia A. Zumbrunner, of Massillon; Monroe Hoffman and Ada Miller, Paris; Peter Linder and Barbara Schlunegger, of Niemishillen township; Jacob Eggert and Susanna Yenney, of Canton; Frederick Schlicher and Lena Witmer, and Jesse E. Lynch and Anna M. Franz, of Massillon.

A Good Idea.

The Navarre Independent says: There is almost an inexhaustible supply of fire clay on J. E. Mentzer's farm. It has been pronounced a very good quality by competent judges, but no test has ever been made of its quality. It should be tested and if it makes a good fire brick, it can be operated with much profit, and its location on the railroad and canal would give the operators a decided advantage over other works of a like nature. The fire-brick paving question is now agitated largely in larger towns and cities, and there is no doubt but that a big works could be established at this place. At any rate it is worth investigating.

WILL WEILY EXPLAIN?

A Prosecutor who Fails to Prosecute.

A Breach of Promise on the Part of Mr. Welty toward the State Board of Health.

On Nov. 26 this paragraph was published in the INDEPENDENT:

"The State Board of Health has done just exactly nothing toward restoring the water of Tuscarawas river to its original purity."

The fact that nothing has been done to put a stop to the poisoning of our river is only too true, but to attribute this condition of affairs to the State Board of Health was an injustice which this paper is happy to be able to correct, but which was natural when the silence with which this matter has been treated, is considered.

Mr. Miller, of this city, one of the State Board of Health, who was the first to bring the pollution of streams before the notice of his organization, has since followed the subject up, and has furnished the information embodied in this article.

The good people of this valley who annually stand up and rave about the condition of the Tuscarawas have had the remedy within their reach ever since the beginning of the offense.

The State Board of Health has taken steps to have the matter brought to the attention of the Grand Juries, in this and a number of other counties in the State, where like nuisances are maintained. This having already been done a period of inaction must necessarily intervene, and in the mean time the outraged people might well salute the ears of their prosecuting attorneys and judges with their complaints. It is not necessary that the State Board of Health and other State boards should exhaust their meagre means in prosecuting such cases. The offense comes under the criminal laws and the State should take care of such cases, surely, when attention is properly called to them, as they are indictable under Sec. 6921, Revised Statutes. It then becomes simply a matter to be established by evidence to the satisfaction of a court and jury.

There is at present no ground for charges of inaction and indifference.

The State Board of Health is only a few months old, and the people have looked

upon this pollution of the waters for years silently and indifferently, except

for a few weeks in the heat of summer,

when the rivers were very low and proved destructive to the fish by reason

of the concentration of poison.

The State Board, during the last summer, in seven or eight instances, brought

the pollution of certain streams before

the attention of county prosecutors,

whose duty it was to bring the matter

before a grand jury in accordance with

the law creating a State Board of Health

which reads as follows:

"It shall be the duty of all local boards of health, health authorities and officials, * * * and all other officers and employees of the State, or any county, city or town thereof, to make and enforce such quarantine and sanitary rules and regulations as may be necessary to protect the public health, in so far as the success and efficiency of the Board of Health may depend thereon, and in the event of failure or refusal on the part of any member of said boards, or

officers and employees of the State,

to drill again, and all that is required is

some energetic spirit to organize a com-

pany. In twenty minutes the required

amount can be raised."

"Yes," added Mr. Wells, "we are hav-

ing a splendid run of glass, of an extra

fine quality, trade is first-class, we have

no stock at all, we are getting fair prices,

and the day we get natural gas we will

at once

BUILT ANOTHER FACTORY.

We have natural gas here and it's a

shame that it is not developed. What

is more the manufacturers are ripe to

drill again, and all that is required is

some energetic spirit to organize a com-

pany. In twenty minutes the required

amount can be raised."

Becoming more specific Mr. Wells

told just where the money would come

from, and mentioned men who have al-

ready promised enough to do half the

work.

Said Mr. Wells, further, "Professor

Orton has been here and thinks that by

drilling south-east of the first well, we

want to strike gas. His theory is, that

since at the first well we struck gas and

water together, and at a point north-

west we struck water first, it follows

that at a point southeast of the first well

the gas will be found first, it being evi-

dent, that the two currents cross near

the old East street hole. We have

health, wealth, mineral resources,

natural beauty, and everything to make

a fine city. Now all we need is natural

gas. I am positive that we have it, and

it must soon be developed."

The enthusiasm of the reporter had

been roused, he made a bee line for

Massillon's boomer, the Hon. L. C.

Cole, poured Mr. Well's story into his

ear, firm in the belief that he would stir

the matter up effectually. Mr. Cole too,

fired at what appeared to be the facility

with which a gas company could be

organized, believing it very possible,

and it is greatly hoped that next week's

INDEPENDENT will contain either a report

of the organization of a natural gas

company, or the preliminary steps

toward something of the sort.

DROWNED IN THE DARK.

And What It Tried to Do.

Messrs. Leighley and Rink absented themselves from the city council meeting Wednesday night.

Street Commissioner's reports for the week's ending November 30 and November 27 amounting respectively to \$27.00 and \$23.70, were referred.

Similar reports for the weeks ending November 6 and 13, amounting to \$12.25 and \$37.00 were ordered charged to his account.

GILLS PAID.

J. C. Pepper.....	\$50.00

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the battle was really over, was that of elation that the crisis to which he had looked forward with so much apprehension, had passed without his receiving any bodily harm. This was soon replaced by regret that the long-coveted opportunity had been suffered to pass unimproved, and still another strong sentiment—that keen sense of disappointment which comes when we have braced ourselves up to encounter an emergency, and it vanishes. There is the feeling of waste of valuable accumulated energy, which is as painful as that of energy misapplied.

Still further, he felt sadly that the day of his vindication had been again postponed over another weary period of probation.

All around was intense enthusiasm growing stronger every instant. It was the first battle that the victors had been engaged in, and they felt the tumultuous joy that the first triumph brings to young soldiers. It was the first encounter upon the soil of Kentucky; it was the first victory between the Cumberland mountains and the Mississippi river, and the loss of the victors was insignificant compared with that of the vanquished.

The cold drench from the skies, the dreary mud—even the dead and wounded—were forgotten in the jubilation at the sight of the lately insolent foe flying in confusion down the mountain side, recking for nothing so much as for personal safety.

The band continued to play patriotic airs and the cannon to thunder long after the last Confederate had disappeared in the thick woods at the bottom of the gloomy gorge.

A detail of men and some wagons were sent back after the regiment's baggage, and the rest of the boys, after a few minutes' survey of the battlefield, were set to work building fires, cooking rations and preparing from the branches and brush such shelter as could be made to substitute duty for the tents left behind.

Little as was Harry's normal inclination to manual labor, it was less than ever now, with these emotions struggling in his mind, and leaving his comrade hard at work, he wandered off to where Hoosier Knob, a commanding eminence on the left of the battlefield, seemed to offer the best view of the retreat of the forces of Zollicoffer. Arriving there, he pushed on down the slope to where the enemy's line had stood, and where now were groups of men in blue uniforms, searching for trophies of the fight. In one place a musket world was found; in another, a cap with a silver star, or a canteen quaintly fashioned from alternate staves of red and white cedar. Each "find" was proclaimed by the discoverer, and he was immediately surrounded by a group to earnestly inspect and discuss it. It was still the first year of the war; the next year "treasures" were left to rot unnoticed on the battlefields they covered.

Harry took no interest in the relic hunting, but walked onward toward another prominence that gave hopes of a good view of the Confederates. The glimpse he gained from this of the surging mass of fugitives inflamed him with the excitement of the chase—the most exciting of chases, a man hunt. He forgot his fears, forgot how far behind he was leaving all the others, and became eager only to see more of this fascinating sight. Before he was aware of it, he was three or four miles from the gap.

Here a point ran boldly down from the mountain into the valley, and ended in a bare knob that overlooked the narrow creek bottom, along which the beaten host was forging its way. Harry unfeignedly descended to this, and stood gazing at the swarming horde below. It was a sight to rivet the attention. The narrow level space through which the creek meandered lay even parallel ranges of heights was crowded as far as he could see with an army which defeat had degraded to a demoralized mob. All semblance of military organization had well-nigh disappeared. Horsmen and footmen, infantry, cavalry and artillery, officers and privates, ambulances, crumpling under their load of wounded and dying, ponderous artillery pieces, wagons loaded with food, wagons loaded with ammunition, and wagons loaded with luxuries for the officers of the higher officers—all huddled together and struggled forward with a fierce haste over the logs, rocks, gelid ice of the deep waters of the swollen stream, up its slippery banks, through the quick sands and quagmires which every passing, so-called wheel beat into a still more grievous path for those that followed. Heavily laden horses fell for the last time under the merciless blows of their frightened masters, and added their great bulk to the impedimenta of the road.

The men were sullen and depressed—cast down by the wretchedness of earth and sky, and embittered against their officers and each other for the blood uselessness shed—oppressed with hunger and weariness, and momentarily fearful that new misfortunes were about to descend upon them. In brief, it was one of the saddest spectacles that human history can present: that of a beaten and disorganized army in full retreat, and an army so new to soldierhood and discipline as to be able to make nothing but the worst out of so great a calamity—it was a rout after a repulse.

Nearly all the passing thousands were too much engrossed in the miseries of their toilsome progress to notice the blue-coated figure on the bare knob above the road. But the rear of the fugitives was brought up by a squad of men moving much more leisurely and some show of order. They did not plunge into the mass of men and animals and vehicles, and struggle with them in the morass which the road had now become, but deliberately picked their way along the sides of the valley, where the walking was easier. They saw Harry, and understood as soon as they saw, who he was. Two or three responded to their first impulse, and raising their guns to their shoulders, fired at him. A bullet slapped against the rock upon which he was partially leaning, and fell at his feet. Another spattered mud in his face, and drew away, singing viciously.

At the reports the fear-harassed mob shuddered and surged forward through its entire length.

The companions of those who fired seemed to repress them with angry gestures, pointing to the effect upon the panicky mass. Then the whole squad rushed forward toward the hill.

Deadly fear clutched Harry Glen's heart as the angry notes of the bullets jarred on his senses. Then pride and the animal instinct of fighting for life flamed upward. So swiftly that he was scarcely conscious of what he was doing he snatched a cartridge from the box, tore its end between his teeth, and rammed it home. He replaced the ramrod in its thimble with one quick thrust, and as he raised his eyes from the nipple upon which he had placed the cap, he saw that the Confederate squad had gained the foot of the knoll and started up its side. He raised the gun to fire, but as he did so he heard a voice call out from behind him:

"Skeet outen thar! Skeet outen thar! Come up, skeet!"

Harry looked in the direction of the voice. He saw a tall, slender, black-haired man standing in the woods at the upper edge of the cleared space. He was dressed in button-down jeans, and looked so much like the Confederate in front that Harry thought he was one of the. The stranger noticed his indecision, and called out again still more peremptorily:

"Skeet outen thar, I tell ye! Skeet outen that! Come up, skeet!"

Harry came to his face at the same instant, and Harry saw the flame and white smoke pull from it, and the sickening thought flashed into his mind that the shot was fired at him, and that he would feel the deadly ball pierce his body. Before he could more than formulate this he heard the bullet pass him with a screech and strike somewhere with a plainly sharp snap. Turning his head he saw the leading Confederate stagger and fall. Harry threw his gun up, with the readiness acquired in old hunting days, and fired at the next of his foes, who also fell. The other Confederates, as they came up, gathered around their fallen comrades.

Harry ran back to where the stranger was as rapidly as the clinging mud and the steep hillside would permit him.

"Putty far's shot that," said the stranger, setting down the heavy rifle he was carefully reloading and extending his hand cordially as Harry came panting up. "That's what I call mounty meat shooting—knock yer man over at 150 yards, down hill, with that ol' smoothbore, and without no rest. The oldest han' at the business couldn't've done no better."

Harry was too much agitated to heed the compliment to his marksmanship. He looked back anxiously and asked:

"Are they comin' on yet?"

"Skeek they hain't," said the stranger, with a very obvious sneer. "Skadely they hain't comin' on no more. They've had enough, they hav'. Two of their best men dropt inter blue blazes on the first jump will take all the edge off their appetite for larks. I know 'em."

"But they will come on. They'll pursue us. They'll never let us go now," said Harry, reloading his gun with hands trembling from the exertion and excitement.

He was yet too young a soldier to understand that his enemy's fright might be greater than his own.

"Nary a time they won't," said the stranger again. "Them fellers are j—like Indians; they're hot till one or two gets knocked over, an' then they cool down mighty sudden. Why, me an' two others stop the whole of Zollicoffer's army for two days by shootin' the officer in command of the advance guard jest ez they was a comin' up th—hill this side of Barboursville. Fact? They'd a' been 'em."

"But who are you?" asked Harry, looking again at his companion's butternut garb.

I'm called Long Jim Fortner, an' I've the name of bein' the pliestest Union man in the Rockcastle mountains. That's a good strikin' of my political principles (pointing with his thumb to where lay the men who had fallen under their bullets). Harry looked again in that direction. Part of the squad were looking apprehensively toward him, as if they feared a volley from bushwhackers concealed near him, and others were taking from the bodies of the dead the weapons, belts and other articles which it was not best to leave for the pursuers, and still others were pointing to the rapidly growing distance between them and the main body, apparently adjuring haste in following.

The great mental and bodily strain Harry had undergone since he had first heard the sound of cannon in the morning at the foot of Wildcat should have made him desirably weary. But the sight of the man talkin' before his gun had filled his blood with a fierce intoxication, as unknown, as unsuspected before as the passion of love had been before its first keen transports thrilled his heart. Like that e-stacy, this fever now consumed him. All fear of harm to himself vanished in its flame. He had actually slain one enemy. Why not another? He raised his musket. The mountaineer laid his hand upon it.

"No," he said, "that's not the game to hunt. They'll do when that's mornin' better to be had, but now powder an' lead kin be used to more advantage. Besides they're outen range of your smooth bore now. Come on."

As Fortner threw his rifle across the ford Harry looked at it curiously. It had a long, heavy, six-sided barrel, with a large bore, double triggers and a gayly shaped lock ring nut in its thimble. The stock of fine, curly rock maple, was ornamented with silver stars and crescents, and in the breech were cunning little receptacles for row and patches and other rifle necessities, each closed by a polished silver cover that shut with a snap. It was evidently the triumph of some renowned Kentucky gunsmith's skill.

The mountaineer's foot was on the soil he had trod since childhood, and Harry found it quite difficult to keep pace with his strong, quick stride. His step tailed him and sure on the sloping surfaces, where Harry slipped or stumbled. Clinging vines and sharp briars were avoided without an apparent effort, where every one grasped Harry or tore his face and hands.

The instinct of the wolf or the panther seemed to lead Fortner by the shortest courses through the pathless woods to where he came unperceived close upon the flank of the mass of harassed fugitives. Then creeping behind a convenient tree with the supple lightness of the leopard crouching for a spring, he scanned with eager eyes the mounted officers within range. Selecting his prey he muttered:

"Taint him, but he'll hav' to do, this time."

The weapon rang out sharply. The stricken officer threw up his sword arm, his bridle arm clutched his saddle pommel, as if resisting the attempt of death to unorse him. Then the muscles all relaxed, and he fell into the arms of those who had hurried to him.

Harry fired into the mass the next instant; a few random shots replied, and another officer of spur scared the mob onward.

Fortner and Harry sped away to another point of interception, where the same scene was repeated, and then to another, and then to a third, Fortner muttering after each shot his disappointment at not finding the one he anxiously sought.

When they hurried away the third time they were compelled to make a wide circuit, for the little valley suddenly broadened out into a considerable plain. Upon this the long drawn out line of fugitives gathered in a compact, turning mass.

"That's Little Rockcastle ford," said Fortner, pointing with his left hand to the base of the mountain that rose steeply above the farther side of the commotion. "That's Rockcastle mountain runnin' up that inter the clouds. The Little Rockcastle river runs round its foot. That's what's a-stoppin' 'em. They'll bev' a terrible time gettin' across hit. Hit's mouty hard crossin' at enny time, but hits awful now, tur the Rockcastle's boomin'."

The big rains hav' sent her up kin', an' hit's now breast deep that in the ford. We'll git round whar we kin see hit all."

Another wide detour to keep themselves in the concealment of the woods brought Fortner and Harry out upon an inclivity that almost overhung the ford and those gathered around it. The two Unionists crawled cautiously through the cedars and laurel to the very edge of the cliff and looked down upon their enemies. They were so near that everything was plainly visible and the hum of conversation reached their ears. They could even hear the commands of the officers vainly trying to restore order, the curses of the teamsters upon their jaded animals, the ribald songs of the few whose canteens furnished them with forgetfulness of defeat, and con-

tempt for the surrounding misery.

All the flooding showers which had been falling upon hundreds of square miles of precipitous mountain sides were now gorging through the crooked, narrow throat of the Little Rockcastle. The torrent filled the rugged tanks to the brim, and in its greedy swift undermined and tore from their logs, great trees and even rocks.

This was the barrier that stayed the flight of the fugitive throng, and it was this that they strove to put between them and the pursuing revengeful vultures.

On the bank held the line officers faltered to calm their men and restore organization. It was vain that they pointed out that there had been no pursuit thus far and the unlikelihood of their being one. When did Panic yield to Reason? In these demoralized ears the thunder of the cannon at Wildcat, the crash of the bursting shells and the deadly whiz of bullets still rang louder than any words others could speak.

The worst-frightened crew led into the stream in a frenzy and struggled wildly with the current that swept their feet off the slimy limestone of the bottom, with the logs and trees dashed along like so many catapult bolts, and with the horses and teams urged on by men more fear-stricken still. On the steep slope on the other side glimmered numbers of little fires where those who were lucky enough to get across were warming and drying themselves.

"Heavens!" said Harry with an anticipatory shudder, "if our men should come up, the first cannon-shot would make half these men drown themselves in trying to get away."

Fortner headed him not. The mountaineer's eyes were fixed upon a tall, imperious-looking man, whose collar bore the silver stars of a colonel.

"He's found his man at last," said Harry, noticing his companion's attitude, and picking up his own gun in readiness for what might follow.

Fortner half-cocked his rifle, took from its nipple the cap that had been there an hour and flung it away. He picked the powder out of the tube, replaced it with fresh from his horn, selected another cap carefully, fitted it on the nipple and let the hammer down with the faintest snap to force it to its place.

His eyes had the look of the rathe's when it coils for a spring, and his breast swelled out as if he was summoning all his strength. He stepped toward to a tree so lightly that there came no rustle from the dead leaves he trod upon. Harry took his place on the other side of the tree and cocked his musket.

So close were they to hundreds of Confederates with arms in their hands that it seemed simply an invitation to death to call their attention.

Fortner turned and waved Harry back as he heard him approach, but Glen had apparently exhausted all his capacity for fearing in the march upon Wildcat, and he was now calmly desolate.

The colonel rode out from the throng toward the level spot at the base of the ledge upon which the two were concealed. The horse he bestrode was a magnificent thoroughbred, whose fine action could not be concealed, even by his great fatigue.

"Go and find Mars," said the colonel to an orderly, "and tell him to build a fire against that rock there and make us some coffee. We will not be able to get across the ford to-morrow."

The orderly rode off, and the colonel dismounted and walked toward with the cramped gait of a man who had been long in the saddle.

Still louder yell arose from the ford. A powerful horse, ridden by an officer who was trying to force his way across, had slipped on the river's glassy bed stones, in the midst of a compact throng, and careered many with it down into the deep water below the crossing.

The colonel's lip curled with contempt as he continued his walk.

A sharp little click sounded from Fortner's rifle. He had set the hair trigger.

He stepped out clear of the tree, and gave a peculiar whistle. The colonel started as he heard the sound look up, saw who uttered it, and instinctively reached his hand back to the holster for a revolver.

Down would scarcely have been ruffled by Fortner's light touch upon the trigger.

Fire flamed from the rifle's muzzle.

Fortner had found his man.

The colonel's haughty eyes became sterner than ever. The holster was torn as he wrenches the revolver out. A clutch at the mane, and he fell forward on the wet brown leaves—dead!

Dumb amazement filled the horse's great eyes; he stretched out his neck and snorted his lifeless master inquiringly.

A shot from Harry's musket, fifty from the astounded Confederates and the two Unionists sped away unhurt into the cover of the dark cedars.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Winks—"I'd just like to know if you women are ever going to get through with your follies. You have even taken to wearing standup collars and gentlemen's neckties." Mrs. Winks—"And why should we not, I'd like to know?" Well, in the first place, it's an inconvenient fashion, anyhow. Even after all these years a man can't keep the necktie from crawling up under his ear about half the time, and I don't see how women can hope to at the start."

Trousers are to be worn larger at the knees, for which change we are thankful, as the old style always bugs there, unless the wearer does his praying standing up.—*Toronto Globe*.

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Hains' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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"Skeek they hain't," said the stranger, with a very obvious sneer. "Skadely they hain't comin' on no more. They've had enough, they hav'."

As Fortner threw his rifle across the ford Harry looked at it curiously. It had a long, heavy, six-sided barrel, with a large bore, double triggers and a gayly shaped lock ring nut in its thimble. The stock of fine, curly rock maple, was ornamented with silver stars and crescents, and in the breech were cunning little receptacles for row and patches and other rifle necessities, each closed by a polished silver cover that shut with a snap. It was evidently the triumph of some renowned Kentucky gunsmith's skill.

"No," he said, "that's not the game to hunt. They'll do when that's mornin' better to be had, but now powder an' lead kin be used to more advantage. Besides they're outen range of your smooth bore now. Come on."

As Fortner turned and waved Harry back as he heard him approach, but Glen had apparently exhausted all his capacity for fearing in the march upon Wildcat, and he was now calmly desolate.

The colonel rode out from the throng toward the level spot at the base of the ledge upon which the two were concealed. The horse he bestrode was a magnificent thoroughbred, whose fine action could not be concealed, even by his great fatigue.

Still further, he felt sadly that the day of his vindication had been again postponed over another weary period of probation.

CHAPMAN.
The Cleveland Coal Pool—Canal Fulton's Delight—What the Mines Are Doing.

Charles Deckard, of Canton, spent the past week with friends in this vicinity.

The Blaine mine worked Thanksgiving day, and as a result our turkey was tough.

James Creighton has swung out his shingle as a cobbler and his work is as good as the best of them.

Mine Inspector Bell came out to No. 6 to test the scales last Monday but there being no work that day he had to defer it.

Canal Fulton's best citizens pool their issues by whacking up a dollar apiece for books and then shake dice for who takes the pile.

We are sorry to state that John Baird, who went to Indiana last spring, has met with reverses, being the victim of misplaced confidence, and is coming back to his former home. We sympathize with John, but are glad to again have him with us.

The mines are running again. The Youngstown mine is doing considerable repairing inside, and are making arrangements to bring the coal from the old Clark mine out through this one. This will save the building of a new chute and the putting in of a side track, as everything in that line is now complete at their present quarters.

The cattle for Wm. Forrest's horse came off last Saturday evening at Joseph Emerson's saloon. A young man from Pigeon Run was the lucky man. The Massillon Brewing Company held a trial before Justice Walters to get possession of the horse to satisfy a judgment, but they were unsuccessful. We are informed that the case has since been settled.

It tickles us to think our Cleveland friends should fear a coal famine when we have it so close to them in abundance, and so many willing hands ready to get out for them. It has leaked out that a pool of the coal dealers with Mark Hanna as its chief, undertook to corner the coal market of that city and then command their own prices. They have succeeded pretty well with the hard coal, but the soft coal is too near at hand.

BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Thomas Brooks is living very ill at this writing.

S. A. Peters finished another drill hole on the "Section" last week. He reports no coal.

B. J. Miller, attending the Cleveland Homeopathic College, spent a few days at home last week. Bert will soon be a full-fledged M.D.

Mr. Frank Beazel, of Elton, and Miss Lizzie Blantz, of this place, were married at St. Barbara's church on Thanksgiving day. Rev. Kirche officiating.

William Baer and Miss Jennie Cope, both of this township, were married at the residence of the bride's father, Daniel Cope on last Tuesday evening.

Miss Haney, a teacher in the public schools, had her watch stolen from her desk last Tuesday. Some little boys found it in a post pile near the school house the same evening where it had evidently been secreted by one of her larger pupils.

There will be a debate in the town hall Friday evening, Dec. 10th, on "Non-partisan Prohibition vs. Partisan Prohibition." T. Harvey Smith affirming that prohibition will sooner be attained by non-partisan efforts than by partisan efforts, and D. W. Walter denying the same. A lively time is expected. After the debate an effort will be made to organize a debating club or literary society.

EAST GREENVILLE.

Dr. McMillen, of the West, is visiting his parents here.

Messrs. Obendorff & McFarren are prospecting for coal north of town now.

A six-year-old son of N. S. Tombow is lying seriously ill with membranous croup.

Mr. David Kiehl will move to Massillon in about two weeks, where he has opened a feed store. Success.

The East Greenville literary society organized last Tuesday night a week ago, and will meet every Tuesday evening.

NAVARRE.

George Warster, of Justus, spent Tuesday in town.

Geo. Kline is in from Oregon, visiting relations.

Chas. Leininger, of Akron, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Frank Hanson, of Canal Dover, is a guest at the home of H. D. Garver.

Miss Gratzinger, of Canal Dover, visited her sister, Mrs. Lew Geltz, over Sunday.

The new river bridge is completed and does honor to the Massillon Bridge Company.

Ladies of the Reformed church netted twelve dollars at their oyster supper last Thursday evening.

The much respected and aged citizen, David Mentzer, is lying very low, and the worst is feared.

Our literary society opened admirably, with a fine corps of debaters. Its third session will convene this evening in Opera Hall.

Gust Byers, of New Philadelphia, has leased the Mentzer warehouse and has secured the services of Geo. Hall, who will buy wheat at the old stand.

Navarre found gas without boring for it—in the *Independent* of last week. This topic, after having been thoroughly discussed, seems somewhat business like. Two meetings have already convened, and at the last one the soliciting committee reported subscriptions to the amount of one thousand dollars. This town will be fifteen thousand feet above sea level when we find natural gas.

ELTON.

James Warwick circulated among his friends last Sunday.

Mrs. Amanda Crist is visiting friends in Doylestown.

Ben. Hall has removed from the Brinker place to West Lebanon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Beale visited friends in this vicinity last week.

Services at McFarren church Saturday night relative to missionary organization.

Mr. Senef, living on the Louis farm near West Lebanon, died Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beazel moved from Brookfield last week and established their new home on the old Camp place, now owned by George McFarren.

The smiling countenance of our efficient sexton, Theodore Davis, was missed on Sunday. Upon inquiry we learned that he was visiting his brothers in Massillon.

We Eltonians are proud of Massillon, and felicitate ourselves upon the fact of her electric light, water works, public spirit, and last but not least the first-class amusements under the new regime.

FAR AWAY IN KANSAS.

THE STORY OF THE TOPEKA FREE LIBRARY.

How "Constitutional Liberty" was Guarded—What the Women Did—What the People think of it.

This week's installment of library literature comes from a one-time resident of Massillon, Mr. Thomas B. George Massillon is not situated like Topeka, the most complete outfit of the kind of any city within my knowledge. What adds the interest to me is, that every article of furniture and furnishings, including valuable objects of art and virtue, represents in itself, the good will in a practical way, of a friend or a library.

Yea! Topeka is justly proud of her library, and of the good friends whose imminent it is.

Yours truly,
THOMAS B. GEORGE.

MASSILLON.	
Wheat, per bushel	27 to 28
Oats	27 to 28
Corn	35
Barley	65 to 70
Hay, per ton	10
Lbs. per dozen	18
Chickens per lb.	8
Bacon	25
Potatoes	30 to 35

STOP and READ!

If You Wish Any Fine Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors

We have on hand the following brands which are known all over the world:

Guckenheimer's, Finch's Golden Wedding, Monongahela Rye and McBrayer's Celebrated Sour Mash Whiskies.

Any of the above brands in Full Quart Bottles at 50 Cents.

We also have the Pure California Port, Sherry and Angelica Wine, made from the Grape. Full quart Bottles at 50 cents.

Extra Fine Imported Liquors for Medicinal use. Give us a call and be convinced.

PENN LIQUOR CO.,

OLD P. O. ROOM, 29 S. ERIE ST.,

MASSILLON, - OHIO.

West MASSILLON COAL Co.,

P. Sonnhalter & Co., Prop's,

Miners of the finest quality of Massillon Coal.

Best Quality of Massillon Lump.

Pure Nut for Cook Stove use.

Coarse and Fine Slack for Base Burners.

City Office at C. Warth's Grocery,

West Main Street.

City Telephone 28.

City Agent and Collector,

GEO. W. SCHROCK.

Bank Telephone 60.

H. F. OEHLER'S

Cash Store

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

HIS NAME IS KNOWN.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT—I do not know how well the town of Orrville is policed, nor how much the citizens there care for their city's good name, but I do know that a certain low dog who makes it his chief occupation to be pleasant (?) to the ladies who happen to be traveling through Orrville, especially to those who are compelled to change cars there, will find himself in a sorry plight one of these days. If the authorities in Orrville will not take the matter up and effectually squelch this vile puppy he will meet his deserts from a few good strong arms we have over here.

ANSWER—Fa. ev. \$4.50 (4.85); family, \$13.50.

4.45

WHEAT—3 red, 74.75¢; No. 2, 77.75¢.

CORN—No. 3 mixed, 27¢; No. 2, 32.50¢;

OATS—No. 3 mixed, 27¢; No. 2 mixed, 32.50¢; No. 1 white, 39¢; 2¢.

PORK—Family, \$11.75; No. 50, regular, \$11.95.

BEEF—Round, \$3.25; rib, \$3.50; shoulder, \$3.25; leg, \$3.50; tongue, \$3.25.

BAKED—Kettle, \$0.40; 67¢.

BACON—Sides, \$0.40; bacon, \$0.40; ham, \$0.40; bacon, \$0.40; ham, \$0.40.

POULTRY—Spring chickens, \$1.25; 4.50; prime to choice, \$1.25; common to fair, \$1.25; 2.10 per dozen; ducks, \$1.50; 4.75; live turkeys, 3¢.

BUTTER—Lbs. med. \$1.50; 4.25; tub, \$1.50.

EGGS—1 lb. \$1.50; 4.25; 12 lbs., \$17.50; wheat, 60¢.

CATTLE—Lbs. to choice butchers, \$3.15; 3.85; fat, \$2.25; 3.00; common, \$1.50; 2.25; stock and feeders, \$2.75; 3.50; 50¢.

HOGS—Select butchers, \$4.20; 4.85; fair to good, \$3.60; 4.25; fair to go light, \$3.70; 4.35; common, \$3.30; 4.00; ends, \$2.15; 3.25.

SHEEP—Cwt. to fair, \$2.50; 3.25; good to choice, \$3.50; 4.25; common to fair lambs, \$3.50; good to choice, \$4.25; 4.75.

HAY—1 Timothy, \$10.50; 4.11; No. 2, \$9.50.

GRASS—\$1.50; 4.25; 12 lbs., \$17.50; wheat, 60¢.

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